

Guarding Washington Square

ONE PART OF THE CITY
WHOSE DWELLERS STICK
LOYALLY TOGETHER

Whenever there is invading against the changes that take place in New York city the complainer is fairly sure to find his diatribe with a capitalized "Except."

The "Except" refers to Washington Square. Necessarily many and radical alterations have been made from time to time here as elsewhere, but there is no doubt that they have been made in spite of protests and every alteration has been the cause of much anguish of spirit to those who are interested in retaining its beauty and interest.

Old residents of the square relating some of the thousand and one anecdotes that may be recalled by a biographer will tell of the family in financial straits who held off for years before finally closing with an offer to dispose of some of their property because it was to be torn down and a business house erected in its place. In fact, it is said that one of the male members never did recover the disappointment ensuing from the sight of the new building and in the parlance of the narrator "fell into a decline."

Here and there you follow the footsteps of a guide who knows the history of place and people "from a to izzard," as he admits with a slight sentiment of justifiable pride, you are asked to look at an old door knocker, a doorbell, the Colonial fanlight over an entrance with Corinthian or Doric columns at the side, an iron railing whose design catalogues it to the connoisseur as of a particular period. You are told that in a nearby house a family has lived for sixty years, and even the orange tinted cat that scuttles across your path is known as the final descendant of a certain cat brought to a nearby mansion many years ago.

When you ask the manager of a small horlogerie—they are not termed jewelers in that district—on Waverley place, if it is true that he has had the same shop for twenty-five years, he nods and in the same breath speaks of the tailor across the way as the "dean" of that part of Washington Square, his establishment having

been in good running order for more than thirty years.

An inquirer might ask why a question of a resident of Waverley place, which, as every one knows, leads from the square proper in the way that the course of empire is supposed to have taken, should have bearing on the history of the square, but there again the Old Resident will come in and explain that the district runs half a mile as the crow flies in any direction and that the Neighborhood Club, a social organization formed of residents, admits all those who live "below Fourteenth street" who are eligible in other particulars.

The guide places you at a certain vantage point and makes explanatory gestures here and there as he talks. You note the Benedict, the oldest bachelor establishment in New York, which is introduced to your attention "as never having been changed," the highest compliment that can be paid by a Washington Square resident. The cross of the Judson rises high above the black branches of the trees. Through the gray arch erected to the honor of the Father of His Country a new stage lumbers unevenly, crossing a vision of the white facade of the old Brevoort House, with its blue-green garnitures.

On the left the skyline which tops the block of old red bricks, the aristocratic part of the square, is unbroken by any innovation of irregular origin. Opposite, the south side, decrepit and ramshackle, is nevertheless held in veneration and respect, as a prosperous family looks on an old retainer who has passed through years of faithful service. It is here that supper clubs look up quaint Italian restaurants, the basement kind preferred, and foregather from as far as The Bronx.

Soon this particular part of Manhattan will be gone, torn down to make way for the new Italian hospital, plans for which are under consideration. Meantime it is admitted that it has resisted, by the very power of inertia, better than any of the other sides of the square the inevitable



EVENING ON THE SQUARE.

alterations. The studios here are barren of conveniences as those of Trilby days in the Latin Quarter, and many painters who have since been chosen to deck Academy walls commenced here their artistic careers. So many writers have lived hereabout that a Sunday edition might be filled with their biographies and the legend that it is necessary to stay here at some period of one's creative work is believed and followed by many still. In fact, the tower of the Judson is accepted as one of the necessary stations to aspiring talent and the rooms where Robert Chambers wrote for fame before he dictated for money have had a waiting list of applicants who believe that they could write like Shakespeare or Chambers if they had a mind to.

It is the opinion of the guide that the east side of the square has never recovered from the blow dealt it when the New York University passed on.

Ascending the three flights of stairs, the accepted number according to Washington Square architectural etiquette, in one of these old residences you get a bird's-eye view which is typical of the section.

Here are no skyscraping barriers to sight. The sky seems bluer and the air fresher, but that may be because you have fallen under the influence of the place and the specious tongue of the guide who admits that there are other parts of New York, but waves them aside as of little importance to one interested in obtaining real information. Leaning over a parapet, you see the Salmagundi Club, the Presbyterian Church overlooking the block of real estate which brings it a handsome orthodox profit, and further along the Church of the Ascension, in which is the famous La Farge altarpiece; near by the home of Gen. Sickles of civil war fame, the Rhineland mansion and the house at the corner, northwest of Ninth street and Fifth avenue, which Richard Grant White once said was the finest private residence in New York city, having in mind its harmony of proportions.

Notable New York names are those to be found in the list of members of the Washington Square Association, now in the fourth year of its existence. It is an association the results of which are seen in the spick and span condition of the streets and residences and the absence of many unsightly annoyances.

"This body," says one of its most active members, "has given a fine illustration of what can be done to solve one of the very serious problems in municipal gov-

ernment, not by interfering in politics or seeking legislation or new ordinances or organizing new departments, nor by asking favors of city officials, but in maintaining the desirable character of the city neighborhood and creating a neighborhood opinion by insistence upon the performance by the city of the duties for which taxpayers are paying the salaries of an enormous body of men, and when necessary by giving publicity to their failure in duty and public commendation of the work of faithful public servants. The results have justified the efforts made which would serve as a model for organization for municipal reform."

The accepted objects of the association are explained by William Mitchell, one of the founders of the association, whose brother, Cornelius Mitchell, at the time of his death was president of the organization and of the Tree Planting Association. The good results of the latter are perhaps more plainly visible about Washington Square than anywhere else in the city.

"These objects," says Mr. Mitchell, "are to maintain the present desirable character of the Washington Square neighborhood; to receive complaints from householders and property owners on any subject relating to violations of law and order which affect the well being



A PLAYGROUND ROOF.

of the environment; to study these carefully and when necessary to forward them to the proper authorities or communicate with them relative thereto; to press any just complaints upon the proper authorities for grievances suffered by the members; to take the necessary steps for the improvement of the neighborhood in condition and appearance and in every way to make it attractive as a residential section.

The officers of the present year are: President, Eugene Delano; vice-president, Amos Eno; secretary, Joseph Delafield; treasurer, George F. Crane. Members of the executive committee, besides the officers named, are Robert de Forest, Frederick W. Whitridge, the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, John G. Milburn, Edward Biddle, Joseph Auerbach, John Claffin, Pierre Mail, Albert Shattuck, Francis Bacon, David Ogden, Edward Partridge, Dr. John W. Brannan and Thomas F. Ryan.

There are 250 members approximately at the present time, the association having grown in size from the date of its founding, when seventeen met at the call of Cornelius Mitchell. This was in December, 1906.

The second annual meeting was held in the gallery of the Salmagundi Club on West Twelfth street, and at the present time a mail box in its vestibule is devoted to letters for the association. Shortly after this meeting through the courtesy of Mrs. John C. Day the Commissioner of the Department of Health, the Commissioner of the Department of Street Cleaning and an acting inspector in the Police Department addressed the association at her house, 28 Fifth avenue.

At the third annual meeting, in January, 1909, Gen. Bingham, then Police Commissioner, addressed the association in the assembly room of the Institute of Musical Art. The old Lenox mansion, in which the Musical Institute was housed at that time and which is now the headquarters of the United States Anatomical Reserve, is still unchanged externally and inside preserves many of its decorative attractions, partitions having been kept as far as possible and in every way the dignity of the house maintained. That it should ever have fallen from its high estate of a private domicile is of course one of the many crosses the Washington Square neighborhood has had to endure, but to the old residents it has not ceased to be a subject of commiseration.

Henry Howland and the Borough President addressed the club at its fourth annual meeting, in January, 1910, held in the same place. A second edition of the year book was printed soon after and the bulletins designed for members were by them sent to friends in other parts of the city, who it was hoped would awake to a sense of civic pride. A paid district inspector was added to the list of unsalaried officials, whose entire time has since then been devoted to the neighborhood cause.

The special questions which were acted upon during the last year of the association were the increase of the police force in the district, the prompt removal of ashes, garbage, &c., the cleanliness of the streets, the restoration of the sidewalks and pavements, the removal of dangerous and unsightly signs, the removal of the overhead runway in Ninth street, the erection of street signs, the restoration of culverts, manholes, &c., the cleanliness of areas, sidewalks and yards; the sanitary condition of cellars, especially those containing fur; the removal of the unused street car tracks; the suppression of vice,



IN MACDOUGAL ALLEY.

begging and loitering; the removal of building refuse. These are a few of the matters touched upon, and small as they are in detail when properly attended to they add materially to the comfort and health of a neighborhood.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH.



ON THE CORNER OF NINTH STREET.

EMERGENCY AID FOR THE FACE

BEAUTY FROM CORNSTARCH,
MEAL AND STRAWBERRIES.

A Near Tragedy of the Boudoir—Home-made Substitutes for Cosmetics—Pinking the Skin Without Rouge—The Value of Contrasts—The Diet.

"I make my own complexion creams and I've been doing it for two seasons now," said an actress. "It is some trouble and it probably costs more; but it is eminently satisfactory. The woman who knows how to make her own face and hand lotions will never be a victim of a tragedy of the boudoir. I speak from experience."

"I well remember how one afternoon I hurried out to Jersey to visit a friend. I was to stay over night, and when my maid packed my grip I told her to put in nothing in the way of clothes except a bathing robe. I thought I was going to spend a quiet Sunday. Of course it was a Sunday for I cannot get away any other day. In fancy as I whizzed out there I pictured myself breathing in the air of the Orange Mountains and getting my complexion washed into purity with the mountain dew."

"But I was doomed to disappointment. Scarcely had my motor chugged in sight of the house when I saw another motor chugging in the same way, and when we drew up the grounds there were half a dozen cars there before us. My friend had invited half a dozen of them to come to Sunday night tea."

"Then began a scramble to get myself into my room for I had positively nothing with me to make myself beautiful and I had left my maid at home. Under the usual circumstances I would have gone into the guest room, and there would have been waiting for me a supply of cosmetics. In these days the conventional guest room has face powder, rouge and all sorts of cosmetics. But this guest room was positively bare, for my hostess does not believe in cosmetics of any sort."

"At once then I must enter the drawing room, being as though I had just stepped out of the best scene in my latest success. But how was I to do it without my make-up?"

"And then the instructions of a French

friend came to my mind. Quick as thought, while I removed my motoring coat and unbuttoned my big veil, I rang for a maid. The maid was all willingness to help and in half an hour I had a shelf of cosmetics which would have done credit to a chemist. Certainly they would have carried any society woman safely through a summer season.

"My first request of the maid was for a bowl of strawberries. The maid was gone some time; and, when she returned, it was with a big Sevres dish of handsome berries. They were on a Dresden tray with a pitcher of iced cream and a bowl of sugar flanking them. My hostess had supposed that I required them for refreshment."

"It seemed a sin to do it, but I had to fall upon the strawberries and mash them. I stirred and pressed them and finally beat them with the spoon until they were a pulpy mass. Then, stripping off my collar, I inundated my face and neck with the pulp. It was done quickly and I let it remain on just long enough to take the stain of my skin, the stain of the wind, and to restore its pinkness to it."

"Children and young girls have necks of a creamy pink, but women who are no longer girls have a fancy for putting powder on their skin until it has a marsh-mellow texture. I dislike a powdery looking skin and I am always trying to get it into a pinky tone, and I find that for me the juice of the ripe strawberry does it."

"I followed the strawberry juice with a massage with the cream, which, by the way, is much more beneficial outside than in at this time of year. I pinched in enough cream to make my skin look as though I were not more than five years old."

"One trouble with the skin when one is more than 5 is that it does not stay young looking more than a few hours, and I knew that this treatment would not last more than the evening. Still it is worth while to get a babyish looking skin, even though it is only for one single evening."

"Then, as I had positively nothing with me and as I knew that I would be on dress parade before dozens who had been summoned by my hostess to meet me and I might even be asked to recite, I hurriedly did my hair."

"Taking the maid into my confidence I sent her rummaging through the house in quest of certain articles. When she returned she had a jar of coarse corn meal, a saucer of cornstarch and a very little naphtha."

"I let down my hair and, having put cotton in my ears I dampened my hair with the naphtha and let the wind from the window blow through it and dry it, which it did instantly. I was of course very careful of it, and I used just a tiny drop or two."

"Then came a corn meal shampoo, which leaves the hair very soft; and finally I rubbed my hair with a pair of creamy palms, which is very much what a cat does when she licks her paws with her oily tongue and rubs her fur with them."

"I had been so dangerously near a tragedy of the boudoir that I worked rapidly, exulting as I worked. The maid stood by looking on with amazement and I had the satisfaction of knowing that she could report nothing to her mistress that would offend. Corn meal, cream, strawberries and a drop of naphtha, that was all."

"I was pretty pale by this time, with the cream and the bleach, so I did what I once saw a French lady do at Versailles. I called for a beet. The maid brought it and my hostess added a cut glass decanter of tarragon vinegar. I found it useful."

"Slicing the beet, I rubbed my cheeks with it until they glowed. I really wanted them to be like peaches to furnish the glow of health which my long ride was supposed to have given me. For every actress will tell you that you must look like a rose when you are on the stage. I had the tarragon vinegar on my hands. I had the satisfaction of seeing them get a shade whiter."

"The corn starch was to be rubbed in and was to take the place of powder. But there is this about corn starch. It is fine if it is allowed to ripen in the pores, but you cannot be seen for at least an hour after you have applied it. As I did not have an hour at my disposal I tried a substitute."

"Closing the window, I stood in the middle of the room and worked my arms rapidly, doing house athletics. In a few seconds I was in a glow and the corn starch had ripened in the pores. Try it some day when you want to experiment with your good looks."

"Thus far none of the articles had been costly, and they were such as could have been obtained at any country house where one happened to be stopping. I have obtained them in a railway station,

but the results were eminently satisfactory."

"And then I wound up with the true Alexandrine complexion and cosmetic cure. I called for the pick-me-up which Queen Alexandra is said invariably to require before putting in a public appearance, a dish of ice cream."

"I regard ice cream as the greatest beauty food in the world. It nourishes without fattening, for the coolness keeps the oils from becoming a part of the tissues, and it cools one off and it stimulates. I believe that one should take it with a drop of brandy only; but I simply dared not ask my hostess for brandy."

"I now felt that I looked fairly well. But true to my training with Mme. Bernhardt I took care when dressing to place most of my ornaments at the back."

"I had my ear lobes, as the maid expressed it, and I also 'beasted' the tip of my chin. One must be pink upon the cheeks, and in the ear lobes and upon the nose, or tip, of the chin."

"Lastly, just before I stepped out of my room, I put on my Alexandrine beads. These are the black beads which the Queen has worn ever since the death of the King. They are jet black, being made of Irish bogwood, and they are about as big around as a marble. The beads are the most becoming thing a woman ever wore. Being so black they set off her skin; and since they are black, they give the touch of inkiness to the gown, that dash of ebony which the French count as so beautiful. My skin came out like a rose when the Alexandrine beads touched my throat. One loop was next my chin, but the other loop was below my belt."

"And now I was ready. The boudoir had hidden its near tragedy. I descended to the drawing room, and when my host took me out to tea, and seated me at his right hand, I was rewarded. For he whispered in my ear a pretty compliment, which was:

"Beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

"I may add that I was terribly hungry, having taken nothing after my long motor ride but a spoonful or two of ice cream. But my hostess congratulated me exultantly and admiringly upon my delightful appreciation of her table, for I was supposed to have eaten strawberries and iced cream, a dish of beets and vinegar and the ice cream just before the tea, which was a full blown dinner."

FOR THE BUNGALOW WALLS

ROUGH PLASTER A FAVORED FORM OF TREATMENT.

Wood Alone Sometimes Used and in One Case Narrow Logs With Only the Bark Removed Made the Walls—Coarse Fabric or Rough Paper Is Effective.

"At the present time," said a decorator, "the three most favored treatments for living room walls in bungalows, I may say for all first floor walls, are rough plaster within and without, the upright beams showing topped with a beamed ceiling; wood only and wood alternating with panels of coarse hemp fabrics or of paper in imitation of such fabrics. Of course these have many variations. Take the all wood treatment for instance."

"In one of the most stylish one and a half story bungalows near New York the entire lower part is finished with narrow logs which had only the bark stripped off before being oiled and treated with a preservative. Bumps and knotholes were left on the surface. The logs are laid diagonally to form a three foot high waistcoating divided from the upper wall with a chair rail composed of a single log. The natural color of the pine is preserved and the hangings, cushions and rugs are of a bronze brown, the former made of antique crash."

"Generally rooms treated in this style cost more than when finished with flat boards arranged to cover beams or which are sheathed up to beams, letting the latter project beyond the flat boards, unless indeed the boards are very narrow and arranged in fancy patterns. A variation of the plain board finish has panels of camp cloth, antique crash burlap or other coarse fabric set between square beams, running from baseboard to ceiling or perhaps stopping at a chair rail which divides three feet of woodwork from the fabric."

"Figured Japanese paper, as tough as flint, is being used a good deal to panel bungalow walls, also plain Japanese grass cloth, a paper made of three different materials and good for hard wear. A bungalow I am fitting up now has a good deal of the figured Japanese paper on the first floor placed between beams of yellow

pine finished with black moldings. It is only the smaller patterns and the plain grass cloth which go well in a bungalow. With the paper mentioned I am using portieres and cushions of dull peacock blue camp cloth. These real Japanese papers by the way can be had in imitations costing about a third as much and almost as pretty, though not so durable. Burlap, antique crash and other coarse fabrics used on walls are also imitated in wall paper, the colors being faithfully copied."

"The rough plaster wall has more of a vogue now than when first introduced, especially when it is broken with beams or with narrow wood panels."

"I am finishing up a bungalow fitted with gray rough walls and white woodwork on the ground floor and although darker woods mostly are preferred, there is now a noticeable leaning toward white wood trimmings. Then, too, bamboo is used more than formerly to trim doorways and windows in connection with rough walls."

"The lower floor of a new bungalow in a New Jersey suburb has walls of rough gray plaster broken only with a wide chair rail of yellow pine, except in the dining room, which has also a narrow plate rail, or shelf, about two-thirds of the way up. Portieres and cushions are of a coarse hemp material, a deep buff in color."

"Another recently put up bungalow has walls finished in rough gray plaster except for a three foot waistcoating of heavy golden brown burlap finished with a yellow pine molding. Lengthwise panels of burlap or similar heavy material are also used to trim rough plaster walls and in nearly every case ceilings are of beamed wood matching the woodwork of the room or a shade darker."

"In the upper story or half story of a bungalow walls, on the contrary, are seldom or never finished in rough plaster, although often they match the wood design used in the lower floor."

"What is called English sanitary glazed paper is one of the newest wall hangings used in bungalow sleeping rooms and this alternates with painted plaster and with wood walls. Most of these glazed wall papers are in flowered designs, which are matched in cretonnes for portieres and cushions."

"With plain walls hangings of Java cloth are considered more stylish for bungalow sleeping rooms because more severe in effect and more serviceable. The fabric combining a hemp and cotton mixture woven with a plain ground crossed with a small raised plaid in color—deep red, blue, green and others—over which a buff wall with hangings of Java cloth plaided with blue, or a wall of eucalyptus with hangings decorated with green, is a good combination."

"White walls are not artistic even in the sleeping rooms of bungalows."

LADY WITH A POWDER PUFF.

A Novelty in Window Display Figures That People Stop to Look At.

Always people standing around looking in at the window of the concern selling novelties for window displays. What they are looking at to-day is the figure of a lady with a powder puff.

This is a little lady, maybe a foot high, attired for the street and wearing a hat from which depends around her face a veil. She is standing in front of a full length mirror which is held in a vertical framed support and which, within this support, turns on pivots top and bottom, so that the mirror turns to show first one side and then the other. Glass, to be sure, on one side of the mirror, and of course an advertisement on the other. The little lady moves also, both being actuated by mechanical contrivances operated by a motor.

You see the little lady standing therein the window facing you, veil down over her face and arms hanging at her sides and holding in her right hand a powder puff. She is in her boudoir, all ready to go out. And now you see her turn, and as she turns you see the mirror, whose back had been to the front, turning also in its framed support to bring the mirror side to the front, and presently you see the little lady, now completely turned, standing facing the glass.

And now you see her left hand go up, and with it she lifts the veil from around her face, and now she lifts her right hand, holding the powder puff, with which she dabs gently first her right cheek and then her left cheek, and then she begins to turn away again; but then a realistic touch in this—the thing she'll look again to be sure that it's all right, and so she turns again to the mirror and lifts again the veil, which she had partly dropped, and takes another last glance at herself in the glass.

Then she lets the veil fall completely and turns again completely to the front, to repeat all this automatically over and over again or as long as the motor runs, with always people looking on.

A Change in Fifth Avenue. "What is the greatest chance I note in New York after an absence of ten years?" Well, said the returned traveler, "I should say that it is a sign I saw to-day in a restaurant window, a sign reading 'Special to-day, beef stew, 10 cents,' this sign appearing not in Park row, but in a restaurant in lower Fifth avenue."